

# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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Thank you for waiting. I don't know how many of you were waiting, but regardless, volume 2 is starting.

Crimes committed by youth have been increasing recently, so when I think back, it was really a good time. After all, all those pranks were allowed (no, they weren't.)

“Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War Volume 2

## 1. The Butter Rebellion

In response to Chuzai-san's declaration of war, we left 12 issues of \*\* Fan on his desk. Saijoh-kun got on the back of my bike and was commanding me to “run away” and “speed up,” but after a while, he looked as if he were in deep thought.

Butter

“Saijoh, you sure about that? Weren't those books expensive?”

Saijoh-kun responded,

“What? No problem. I've got them all memorized.”

It appears as though that wasn't what was bothering him. But **memorizing porno mags?** Plus, didn't it have hundreds of pages?

“Man, you should memorize other things if you have the brains for things like that.”

“Well... You get better at the things you like. There's strong and weak points even in the brain.”

I wonder what kind of things he's good at. There's no mistake that 90% of this guy's brain was filled with worldly desires.

But

“Ah. Did you guys want to look at it too?”

Ugh... I couldn't say anything to that.

“The only thing is... that book...”

Saijoh-kun continued.

“Has more advanced techniques than the last one... I wonder if his wife will be ok.”

**That's** what you were thinking about? What are you talking about, technique? What technique? More advanced techniques than in “Girls who xxxx with ropes”?

“Well... If she is ok with it, that would be a problem, too...”

Why is that a problem for him?

“You were thinking about that again?”

“No no. This time it’s something else. Something more grave.”

“What is it? Tell us.”

Just because it’s him, there’s no telling what impact this will have on the plan.

“Well, the January issue out of that bunch...”

“Uh huh.”

“Has **butter** spread all over it.”

“What?”

“And it **wouldn’t dry out**.”

Why does it have butter on it? The reason for that is, for a while there was a rumor that the black ink they used to censor these kinds of books would come off with butter. Of course it was just a hoax. Since butter is oily, it will supposedly leave a lasting stain... or so I’ve heard.

“You... left that one, too?”

“What? You guys are the ones who told me to leave all 12!”

We were, but in that case 11 would have been ok...

“Sigh...”

Saijoh-kun didn’t have any understanding of why everyone else but him sighed.

“On top of that, it was almost all the pages...”

Give up if it doesn’t work on 1 page! Why try it with all of them!?

“What? Wouldn’t you, normally?”

I don’t understand this guy’s “normal.”

Either way, we were certain that our challenge to battle was an embarrassing one.

Continues to [volume 2 chapter 2](#). Please remember about this “January issue.”

# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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The next day, in order to avoid the RPS, we again took the alternate route with the steep hill. There's something not right about having to avoid the police as a high schooler... The dark clouds cast over my life were making the pedals even heavier.

Of all things, it was a “buttered” challenge to battle... Of course, the butter was only spread on the censored parts, so the objective was obvious even to someone who had never heard of that rumor. “Stains” only to those parts... On all the pages... Saijoh...

To our joy, we didn't see Chuzai-san that morning. Though, it was hard for us to believe that Chuzai-san would do nothing, so we were already thinking of the next plan.

Our premonitions were true. It happened after all the classes were over and we were leaving the school.

By the way, do you remember from the previous skirmish described in “We are the wind” that I rode a girl bike? Because of this, I was called “Girl Bike (Mamachari)” till the end by Chuzai-san. Most male students at the time rode high speed sport bikes, so in that respect, I was a little different.

Our school bike parking area wasn't organized, but because people parked their bikes in the groups that they came in, it was cleanly split between girls and boys. The sides were called “girls' parking” and “boys' parking,” respectively.

The club activities were over and I was about to leave school with two of my friends when I realized...

## **My bike's gone.**

WHY?

“Hey, I rode my bike to school today, right?”

“There's no other way, is there?”

Was it stolen? But why would they take an ugly girl bike not even worth mentioning?

After looking around, I found it. My girl bike was parked in the girls' parking.

?????

Then my friend said,

“hey, there's something tied to the luggage rack.”

There was something. I wonder what it was. As I headed over to my bike...

There was a stack of “\*\* Fan”! About 4 of them were tightly tied with packing string.

He got us!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

On top of that, we were in the girls parking area. Judging by how few bikes were left, most of the girls with bikes nearby had seen it???

The blood drained from my face. I felt dizzy.

“W-we have to get it off.”

“T-that’s true. More girls might come.”

But the packing string was a lot harder to remove than bungee cord, and it was tied on very tight.

A couple girls came by to get their bikes during that time, so we were forced to awkwardly cover up the porno mags on the luggage rack.

“Crap. I can’t untie iiiiiit.”

“It’s Chuza!”

“He really got us...”

Now wasn’t the time to admire his work.

Just at that time, two girls from our grade came to get their bikes and said to us,

“Hey, what are you guys doing?”

Dang it...

“N-nothing. Go away!”

“That’s so... suspicious.”

Usually, we were the ones who wanted to approach girls, but this time it was different.

“It’s nothing so go away. Good bye. See you again tomorrow!”

“You’re hiding something”

“N-n-n-no, we’re not! W-w-we love you so get away! See you tomorrow. Okay? Okay?”

The girls got even closer! We were trapped! If they saw these, I wouldn’t be able to come to school tomorrow. If these were normal porno mags, then maybe, but this was “\*\* Fan.” Even the covers were at a different level. We tightened our guard.

But

“What are you hidin-”

They saw it.

Ahh, mother. Thank you for raising me until now. My life will now end. At least for my funeral, please don’t invite Saijoh...

(from Bohemian Rhapsody)

“You’re the pits!!!”

“It’s not what you think! This is... this... is...”

The girls left as though they were running away.

“It’s not what you think” Think... think... think... think

My words sadly echoed through the bike parking area.

Continues to volume 2 chapter 3. Eight more issues left. What will happen to me, a pits pervert...?

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Of all things, I was the poor high schooler, caught with a mountain of the super porno mag “\*\* Fan.” There was no mistake that the person who made that mountain was none other than Chuzai-san, but I wonder if he was at our school in his uniform tying it on my bike? That cop goes beyond imagination.

That aside, I must now live my life as a “pervert” at school starting tomorrow. “Pervert” on top of bring an “ex-convict”... I had to prepare myself for the fact that there would be no teenage romances for me within my class. On top of that, the string still wasn’t coming off.

At that moment, the real “pervert” Saijoh-kun came by with some of his friends after their club activity.

“Saijohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“Hey. What are you guys doing over there?”

What a big difference with those girls in the exact same situation! The girls had pink voices, but this guy’s was black.

After we told him what happened, he surprisingly didn’t laugh but folded his arms and was deeply contemplating the stack of \*\* Fan.

“Hmm.”

Saijoh, you don’t have to think. To tell you the truth, it’s useless.

“Hmm...” he continued.

“You know what?”

“What?”

“Doesn’t that packaging string captivate you because it looks like straw rope?”

That’s why... you didn’t have to think...

After that, he pulled a lighter out of his pocket and burned the strings. The magazines were happily released from their bonds. But Saijoh, why do you have a lighter in your pocket? Or was it pointless for me to ask?

Saijoh and his friends had brought our total number up to six and we moved our bikes over to the guys parking to talk about counter-measures.

“It feels like we just gave the enemy ammunition this time.”

“Who was it that said that we should leave them all?”

Saijoh’s question was met with the whole group pointing their fingers at him, to which he responded,

“What? Was it me?”

Yes, it was. The idea was Saijoh-kun’s to begin with.

"Well, sometimes plans will fail. Instead, we should think about when we'll take our next action."  
He said to try to smooth things over.

In truth, we were disappointed in our continued failures.

In any case, I was an "ex-convict," "the pits," and a "pervert" because of Saijoh.

"Doesn't him counterattacking mean that our plan had some effect?"

That's true. You could say that. But the problem was the other eight books. The question was how Chuzai-san was going to use those. On top of that, one of them had butter in it.

So we decided to quickly move on to our next plan. We first had to investigate "Chuzai-san's daily routine."

It's was like an elementary school kid's free project, but the objectives were totally different. To our joy, Chuzai-san hadn't met two of our six, so they were perfect for the job. We vowed to each other to make this plan a success.

However, however.

The chance for our counterattack arrived sooner than expected. God hadn't forsaken me, even though I was "the pits," a "pervert," and an "ex-convict"...

This happened a couple of minutes after our meeting.

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While milling around the parking area, a couple more of our members joined us and our numbers swelled to nine.

After that, some of our members in the volleyball club came back from their training run. There were about two of our “members,” and as they broke off from the running line, they quickly came to us with news.

“Hey, Chuzai-san was at the station. He was in plain clothes.”

“What!? Really??”

We couldn’t pass this up. Our chance for counterattack came quickly.

“There’s no mistake about that, right?”

“Yeah, he’s probably going to ride the train.”

We all looked at each other, and without saying anything, we quickly started our preparations for our counterattack.

“When’s the next train?”

“There’s more than 30 minutes.”

Since we were in the countryside, the time between the trains was unusually long. It was also unthinkable that anyone would ride anything but an inbound train.

We had to go back to school and prepare our “stage setting” within 30 minutes. Since we already had a set of predefined pranks according to the situation, we handled this process well. If we used these tactics for other things, there’s no doubt that we would have all succeeded in life.

“Ten more minutes! Hurry!”

We carried the stage setting that we created and rushed to the station. The station was close to the school and only took us five minutes by bike. On top of that, it was all downhill, so it was easier on the guys who were riding two per bike.

As we slid into the station, someone was yelling...

“Hey! Two on a bike isn’t allowed!”

“... Oh, it’s you guys again...”

It was Chuzai-san. After finding out that we were the offenders, he dropped his shoulders in great disappointment.

“Mr. Policeman, are you off duty today?”

“Of course. I can’t do something like that on duty.”

By “something like that,” he probably meant tying the porno mags to my bike. He was even more suspicious for doing that in plain clothes though.

“Huh? Hey you, Saijoh!”

It appears as though it was not the first time that Chuzai-san and Saijoh-kun have met. Of course, they must have

seen each other during the scooter speeding incident, but it wouldn't have been a mystery to anyone if there were other incidents with which he was known to the police.

"I thought you were dead?"

"What? Really?"

Saijoh-kun didn't know that we killed him during one of our excuses.

"What do you mean really? You're dead and you don't even know it?"

Chuzai-san said with a smirk.

"Mr. Policeman, you're not very smart. It's because I'm dead that I don't know about it."

"Er..."

One point for Saijoh!

"Mr. Policeman, are you going somewhere on the train?"

"Huh? Yeah. I have some minor business over in \*\* City."

\*\* City is the capital of our prefecture. It takes over an hour to get there by train. We were overjoyed to hear the news that the policeman was "going to be on the train for a long time." Why? You'll find out soon.

"By the way you guys, cut it out with those dirty little pranks!"

"You, too, Mr. Policeman! I'm probably going to be treated as a pervert at school because of you."

When I said this, I saw a grin on Chuzai-san's face. It was probably because he was overjoyed that his plan had hit its mark.

"Hey, Girl Bike. You play the trumpet?"

Chuzai-san changed the subject after seeing the trumpet case in the basket on my bike.

"Yeah. You'll know soon."

"Soon?"

"Nothing."

"Hmm, I guess everyone has at least one talent."

Irritating. But hold it for now. Saijoh-kun patted his hand on my shoulder.

Our conversation was soon put on hold because the train heading for the main station arrived. We went with Chuzai-san to the platform.

"What's going on? You guys going somewhere, too?"

"No, no. We're just sending you off to the platform."

"Sending me off, huh?"

We actually got into a little trouble with the station attendant while trying to get to the platform. He warned us that our baggage was too big. We resolved it by telling him that we were only going to the platform and not on the train. This, of course, didn't catch Chuzai-san's attention at all.

Chuzai-san finally left us with some more lectures and boarded the train. We said all kind of things to Chuzai-san from the platform. In truth, we were just acting like we were talking about things. We didn't have anything important to talk to Chuzai-san about, but we got his attention by excessively pointing and stuff.

Chuzai-san came over to a window seat and opened the window.

"What? What did you say?"

"Mr. Policeman. Over here, over here!!"

"What about it? Huh?"

Chuzai-san leaned out of the window. Then, the departure bell rang throughout the platform.

That ring sounded our counterattack.

We spread the banner we had prepared. It was 6 meters (20 feet) long! We had borrowed one that the cheering squad used in athletic tournaments.

We sounded the cymbals and played a fanfare with the trumpet as loud as we could. All of the passengers inside looked over.

Then we all cheered!

"Go for it, go for it, Chuzai-san!"

The banner read,

**Go for it Mr. Policeman! Thanks for the Porno mags!**

Soon after, doors of the train closed, and it left the station carrying inside of it one Chuzai-san shocked beyond words, passengers roaring with laughter, and one full hour of "embarrassment."

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We came triumphantly back from the station. The great thing about the “technique” we used was that “our shame was for a moment, the opponent’s shame was for a lifetime.” Chuzai-san was probably pretty uncomfortable right about now.

Saijoh-kun said as if remembering,

“By the way, I had to be on that train, too.”

You remember too late.

But there was luck for this man who missed his train ride home. I’m not sure why God’s on the side of a man like this, but as we were heading towards school to return the banner, God appeared.

That’s right. It was a Goddess.

As we were stopped at an intersection, a beautiful lady rode past us on the other side.

“Oh. It’s Chuzai-san’s wife!”

“It really is. Man she is beautiful!”

“All right! Chase her!”

It was Saijoh-kun that said that. Chase her? After all that you just did to her husband...?

I was contemplating this conflict, but the other seven had already taken off... But, what were they going to do after catching up?

Chuzai-san’s wife was already almost within range.

“Her back side is great too...”

True. I won’t deny that.

“If I’m...”

Saijoh-kun, my rear seat passenger started saying pensively.

“If I’m... ever reborn...”

“Yeah”

“I want to be a bike seat...”

**That’s inorganic!** At least be reborn as a living creature, Saijoh.

Chuzai-san’s wife finally reached the supermarket. Although we didn’t have anything to do there, we followed her in. Is this considered group stalking?

“Oh, you guys “

“Good afternoon, ma’am.”

We greeted her together with love-struck voices. We didn’t know if Chuzai-san had told her everything about us, so we were uncertain about what she thought about us.

“Ufu Are you guys up to no good again? “

“No... we’re...”

We couldn’t tell her that our target was once again her husband.

Though, it appeared as though Chuzai-san hadn’t been too bad in what he told her about us. We could tell by the carefree smile she had.

“Uhm, ma’am?”

Saijoh-kun said to her all of a sudden.

“Uhm, Uhm...”

“What is it? “

**“Will you please show me your wrists?”**

**WHAT!?**

**You fool!!!**

What kind of high schooler checks the wrists of another man’s wife???

All of us beat down this fool, and with a,

“It-it’s nothing! Good bye,”

we were forced to leave in a great hurry...

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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Even though our counterattack had succeeded, the next day's trip to school was a depressing one for me. In any case, some of the girls in my class had seen me with a stack of the super porno mag “\*\* Fan” on my bike. Probably by now, the news had gotten around and rumors that I was a terrible pervert had been started and spread.

By the way, my class had 38 students in it, of which, fortunately for us guys, 24 were girls. Of course, this was a bad thing in a situation like mine. It meant that over half of the class would “treat me as if I was a pervert.”

I got to the class and slid open the heavy door. At that moment, I could feel the cold gazes from the girls. “G-g-good morning...” I said in a monotone voice. Usually the girls were almost too loud, but today, I didn't receive one response. Not only that, but I received unneeded inquiries from some annoying guys such as “so you were packing porno mags?”

And it showed me that the topic had spread to the whole class. I hadn't experienced this kind of atmosphere since the “[stray goat incident 1, 2, 3](#)” in elementary school.

But because the guys had asked me these questions, I was given a chance to explain myself. Using all the words I knew, I explained that “they were Saijoh's” and that it was the Chuzai-san that had placed them there, but because the latter had the occupation of “police officer,” the girls didn't try to believe it.

It's because you girls don't know that Chuzai very well...

By the way, because we were just wholesome (were we?) high schoolers, it's not as if we were thinking about pranks all the time. We had our high school life, too. Even if you were a perverted ex-convict, who was the pits, schoolwork was still important. At this time, midterms had come upon us.

A couple days after this, I was with Saijoh-kun and a new character, Murayama-kun, at the bookstore. Without saying, we were there to look for study guides for our midterms. On this day however, that abominable incident occurred.

“Hey, Saijoh.”

A voice was heard from nowhere.

As Saijoh-kun was looking around,

“Hey, Girl Bike.”

There's only one person who calls me Girl Bike.

Then on the other side of the bookshelves,

“CHUZAI!”

Chuzai-san was motioning to us from the other side of the bookshelves. Today he was in uniform.

I had a veeeeeeeery bad feeling about this, but it was the power of the state. I couldn't not go.

“What is it?”

We asked together and approached the strangely smirking Chuzai-san.

It was the adult magazine section. Argh, I don't like even remembering this, but “adult magazines” are an integral part of this story. How pitiful.

After we got right in front of Chuzai-san, he said,  
“you know what...” in a whisper. Without thinking we got closer to listen.

At that moment, Chuzai-san suddenly grabbed our arms and said,

**“You guys! What are you doing!? I won't forgive you this time!”**

as he dragged us out of the store.

“W-what is it? All of a sudden!”

He didn't answer our obvious questions and said,

**“I'll listen to your explanation at the station!”**

He gave a nod to the bookstore owner and led us out of the bookstore.

The other customers were confused. Of course they were. High school students were being led out by a police officer pulling on their arms. On top of that, it was the adult magazine section.

No matter how you look at this, it looks as if we were shoplifting porno mags...

**OH...!**

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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I'm sure all of you know "Mary Had a Little Lamb." It's a song about a tragic incident involving a lamb and a little girl. Being raised in the countryside, I've actually experienced this.

On the way to my elementary school, my friend found a goat that wasn't restrained. I think all kids that age are similar, but we all got around it and played with it. It was fairly tame and didn't seem to mind. It was probably tied up somewhere and ran away. It was the first time I had seen a stray goat.

Goats, being herbivores, don't have trouble finding food like stray dogs. Because of it, no matter how much us kids pulled up grass and tried to feed it, there was no reason for the goat to eat it. But we were kids, so we wanted to feed it. I suddenly remembered that I had "leftover bread from yesterday's school lunch" in my bag, and decided to try to feed it to the goat.

Then.

It devoured it. It ate it deliciously, looking like Taichi from the band TOKIO. The first slice was instantly gone. When I gave it a second slice, that was also gone in an instant.

Ok, now that we were done feeding it, we headed to school. The bread must have been good because as we tried to leave, the stray goat followed trudgingly. We finally reached the school.

This unexpected rare guest caused a huge commotion among the kids. We were surrounded instantly. The girls were especially happy and as the one that brought it, I was instantly popular.

"Hey hey, where's it from?"

I don't know.

"What's its name?"

I don't know.

"How old is it?"

How should I know?

"Why did it follow you?"

That I do know...

But for elementary kids, the time before school was short. We left the goat and went to class. I was relieved when the goat didn't follow me to class like in Mary's case.

But around 2nd period,

"Kyaaaaah!!"

One of the girls with a window seat screamed.

"Teacher! The goat...

is eating our flower bed!!!"

Oh man.

Being kids, this caused us all to run to the windows.

"It really is"

“Aww, we put so much work into it.”

Because of the bustle, the kids from the other classes were all looking out of their windows, too.

The teacher asked,

“I wonder whose goat it is?”

Everyone said,

“it’s \*\*-kun’s goat!”

Because so many people yelled it out at once, the \*\* part was blurred, but for some reason, it kind of sounded like my name...

What?

Of course, this simultaneous shout was heard by other classrooms.

“It’s \*\*-kun’s goat.”

“Why did \*\*-kun bring it to school?”

“Man, I wonder what \*\*-kun is going to do about it?”

“What the heck is \*\*-kun thinking?”

I wasn’t thinking anything.

The area of, “the conversations that I could hear,” infected the classrooms from their windows and spread rapidly.

From my observations, the goat preferred the blooming flowers of our garden and continued to devour them.

The teacher turned to me and said hysterically,

“\*\*-kun, do something about it!”

Why?

Continued [here...](#)

\* To protect privacy, I have taken the liberty of hiding the \*\* part. I have also changed the tone of voice so please read it with a different one.

# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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A gentle minded boy “me” was totally being made up as a criminal due to two slices of bread. I’m wasn’t a passive person, so I really argued my case, but the battle was me against the 37 people in my class plus a local government employee (teacher), so there was no way to win. The verbal arguments lasted about 30 seconds at which time, the single phrase, “you brought it,” ended it...

The local government employee commanded,  
“do something about it.”

What that meant was a local self-governing body was telling me to do something about it. There was no way for me not to go.

In the courtyard, the PE teacher was already adding to the humor of the show, by playing chase with the goat while holding some string. The goat chose the flowerbed as its escape route everytime, so the chasing caused heavy trample damage to it and the situation went from bad to worse. Even an adult couldn’t catch it; what would a boy like me be able to do?

I was brought out by my homeroom teacher and in front of all of the kids packing the windows to get a look. It was like a coliseum.

There the hero enters! But because the flowerbed was already heavily trampled, so my entrance was made to heavy booing as if I was the away team.

The PE teacher was a little advanced in age, so he was already out of breath from chasing the quick goat. The teacher looked over and said,

“Haa... Haa... You, huh?”

Like I’ve been saying, it’s not...

But the stray goat. As soon as it saw me,

“Meeh?”

it bleated.

Hey, people will misunderstand so don’t bleat as if you were asking me a question. Don’t goats usually lower their intonation when they bleat?

But the stray goat kept bleating in question form “meeeh?” and coming closer.

Yeah, yeah. Usually this scene would be so cute. Peter from “Heidi, Girl of the Alps” would be overjoyed and would do a one armed handstand. But I was the away team at this coliseum. It was not that kind of situation.

“Peter, we’re not in the Alps, you know?”

Goats are generally known as “stupid animals that like high places.” But this goat, remembered 2 slices of bread and “the person who carried it.”

Amazing.

It’s amazing, but don’t come closer!

Stop bleating in question form!

My wish didn’t come true and the goat was detained by the PE teacher right in front of my eyes...

Right in front of my eyes...

The PE teacher got the end of the string and with a

“Here!”

Handed it over to me.

“Yes?”

“Take it home.”

This was the decisive blow.

From all over the coliseum was heard,

“See, it was \*\*-kun’s goat.”

“\*\*-kun’s goat made a mess out of the flowerbed.”

“Oh no. The third graders’ sponge cucumbers are no good because of \*\*-kun’s goat. They were supposed to use them in class.”

“The first graders’ crocus are torn up too, all because of \*\*-kun’s goat. Some of the first graders are crying.”

“The rice seedlings for the sixth grade graduation commemoration was also trampled by \*\*-kun’s goat, too.”

“\*\*-kun won’t be able to come back to school tomorrow.”

Say what you want!

Continued [here...](#)

To protect privacy, I have taken the liberty of hiding the \*\* part. I have also changed the tone of voice so please read it with a different one.

# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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“Here.”

The owner of the goat was determined to be the away team at the coloseum. One boy, “me” was stuck in the middle of a very unfortunate situation of making enemies with all 550 other students of the school. You might compare it to the show “[Nobuta wo Produce](#).” Kids nowadays wouldn’t come to school and might even contemplate suicide in this situation, but I wasn’t built that poorly.

Now that I think about it, if that PE teacher hadn’t chased around the goat, there wouldn’t have been this much damage. After causing that much damage to the flower garden, he tried to hand off all his responsibility to one elementary school kid. It would be hard to forgive. While half crying, I greatly protested this to my homeroom and the PE teacher. Both teachers said “ok, ok” and calmed me, and decided that the PE teacher would bring the goat back to where I found it.

Hmm. Just like a gladiator, even though I was half crying?

We finished our school lunch and it was fifth period. The home economics class was changed to homeroom. It appears as though it was homeroom involving a stray goat. Our teacher finally explained the situation.

“So you guys understand? That’s why you don’t give food to stray goats.”

“Yes.”

everyone answered, but teacher, we never learned that, and I don’t think it’ll be useful information ever again...

“So...” the teacher continued.

“The sixth graders will use the time till the end of school to fix all the school’s flower garden.”

“Whaaat!?”

I don’t need to tell you this, but everyone booed.

“Teacher! I think \*\*-kun and the PE teacher should do that.”

Is that comment something you should raise your hand about?

“We agree” \*clap\*clap\*

... I don’t agree.

The teacher sensing that things wouldn’t be resolved democratically, said

“You guys are all in the highest grade right? The highest grade has responsibilities as the highest grade.”

What good words!

“Even if it was only one person in the class, as classmates, you should help each other out.”

What good... words?

Um, is that one person me?

“Do you understand?”

“Ye-es...”

Teacher, that didn’t resolve things at all. It made things worse.

Even though you couldn't sense consent from their answer, my "classmates" all changed into their PE uniforms and met in the courtyard. The other sixth grade classes were also called out. The gazes from the other classes especially had a different degree of severity in them. Of course, there were some boys that were happy that class was canceled. They became my allies because of this one benefit... but I wasn't very happy about it.

"It's because of your goat! ^^"

"It's not mine!"

"Don't be so modest ^^b"

The flower garden that the PE teacher and goat trampled was pretty bad.

"Terrible."

"This is no good, right?"

"Teacher, what should we do about the ones that were eaten?"

"Let's see..."

Each one of those comments felt like mythril swords stabbing into my back.

Because it was the same courtyard, it had the same coliseum feel along with the gallery of rubberneckers. The underclassmen shouted down from above,

"\*\*\_kun, make sure you fix my flower, too."

Pay attention to class!

On top of that, you guys shouldn't be speaking down to me! I was thinking in my mind, but my guilty feeling caused me to respond,

"Yes, yes, right away..."

I had become totally obedient.

Because there were a lot of people, the work was done in about an hour! The ones that were eaten were gone, but the teachers decided that they would buy replacement seedlings later and so the issue was resolved.

What joy.

The next day, with the incident starting to fade in everyone's memory and to the disappointment of those who thought that "he wouldn't be able to come tomorrow," I arrived at school as if nothing happened.

Some of the girls in my class called me over as soon as I got there.

"\*\*\_kun, hurry, hurry!"

"What?" I hurried over to the window they were calling me to, and there, in the courtyard, was a white goat...

After finding me by the window

"Meeh?"

Stop bleating in question form!

Back to Shoplifting Suspect 1 [here...](#)

# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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We had been dragged out in front of the store by Chuzai-san even though we hadn't done anything. The people inside were totally confused. The owner of the bookstore came outside to find out what was going on.

“Mr. Policeman, did those kids do anything?”

“No. Just leave it up to me. Don't worry.”

No no, we were the ones that were worried!

If you say it like that, you'll create a misunderstanding!!

The cop ignored those feelings and triumphantly headed over to the RPS. The commotion had spread beyond the store. Everyone we passed in the shopping district was shocked because two high schoolers were being dragged by a police officer. They were of course, wondering what was going on.

“You! Chuzai! Let go! You idiot!”

Saijoh-kun seemed to be good at being caught because he was used to crimes (?). But it wasn't a good time for me to be admiring that. I can never walk in this shopping district again.

Happily for us, the RPS was only across the street from the bookstore, so it was only about 20 meters (22 yards) away. When we turned around, the bookstore owner and the students that were there were looking over with curiosity.

We arrived at the RPS in a short time and were told to

“Sit!”

Ahh... Why does this happen so often?

“You! What the hell are you doing!?”

It was Saijoh-kun that was furious. I wasn't able to say such things to the police.

Then Chuzai-san, being in a good mood, having accomplished everything that he set out to do, said with a smile

“Well, have some tea.”

“Tea??? Stop joking around. We don't have time for tha-...”

Saijoh was in the middle of yelling when Chuzai-san called his wife:

“Heeey. Kanako, bring us some tea!”

“Okay “

We heard his wife's voice in the back.

“I mean, we have too much time that we were bored out of our minds.”

Hey, hey. Saijoh, why are you giving in?

Chuzai-san got to the point before his wife brought in the tea.

“You guys really did it last time.”

“Are you talking about our cheer?”

“Of course!”

“Oh, we wanted to give you a cheer because you’re always taking care of us.”

“What part of “thanks for the porno mags” is a cheer? Huh?”

At this time, his wife brought in the tea and cups for us.

“Ufu Welcome. You guys got caught again? “

“Yees. We’re caught agaaain..”

Saijoh, what are you smiling about...? Make a face like you’re caught... What happened to your fury?

“Ufufu Here. Have some “

“Thaaank yooou.”

Saijoh-kun had already melted.

Oh God, why did you make “men” like this?

Not good, not good. I have to pull things together for us.

Things were going at Chuzai-san’s pace.

“Umm, was it Girl Bike-kun? You have some too “

“Thaaank yooou.”

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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“You can go now.”

Chuzai-san said to his wife.

“Oh, how come? Am I disturbing something?”

His wife said to Chuzai.

“You leave your wife here and leave.”

We willed that strongly in our minds, but because we hadn’t mastered telepathy, it only showed on our faces.

Though, since the eyes express feelings just as much as words, Chuzai-san might have noticed it. We probably had dreadful expressions.

“Yeah. I have to lecture these guys a little.”

“What kind of cop lectures after making us shoplifting suspects?”

This was also said with our will-power.

“These kids are so funny though.”

Ooh! Did our will-power level up?

“Well... Then, don’t get in the way.”

Chuzai-san gave in quickly. It seems as though we weren’t the only ones who were weak against her.

While his wife looked on, there was a man who was juvenile, and two juveniles who weren’t yet adults, so our conversation wasn’t peaceful.

“I took the liberty of looking up you guys...”

“Well... That sounds great...”

Chuzai-san opened a notebook. There was something reported in the “official notes”? About us? Saijoh-kun was probably all over it.

“You guys have... done a lot of stuff before, huh?”

“Yeah... Well, if you live, things happen...”

“I won’t call you guys good-for-nothing but...”

“Yeah...”

“You’re not good-for-anything.”

What? Huh? Which is it?

Are we not good-for-nothing, or are we not good-for-anything?

“You’re pretty good too, Chuzai-san”

“It actually wasn’t too much work.”

We said.

“I’m not praising you!”

“Huh...”

His wife let out a giggle. Hmm. Cute.

“You guys caused trouble with my predecessor, too.”

By predecessor, he meant the cop that was stationed here before this Chuzai-san was assigned.

“What? But I’ve never been detained before you.”

I said but then,

“Oh. I have a little.”

Saijoh-kun interrupted.

Why am I not surprised...?

“Even if you’re not detained, there are written reports!”

Hmm. Is that so?

“You guys caused problems for the postman, didn’t you?”

“Yes...”

I had a recollection of this incident too, so we answered together. I would like to write about this “New Year’s postcard volunteer delivery incident” at another time. We had indeed been involved in a lot in this small town.

“You guys are in high school, so stop getting involved in stupid stuff.”

This appeared to be his main point. Without hesitation I answered:

“What? But if we did stuff like this as adults, that would be even more stupid.”

At that Chuzai-san took a deep sigh. Seeing that, his wife let out another giggle.

“C’mon. Even you guys know that in this world there are things called laws, right?”

“Yeah... But we’ve only learned up to the 17th amendment so we don’t know anything newer than that.”

At this his wife couldn’t hold it in and

“Hee hee.”

laughed out loud.

At that time, the new character “Murayama-kun” who was left at the bookstore, came inside hesitantly.

“Um...”

He had brought the bags that we had left at the bookstore. Without saying though, I think his true intentions were to see Chuzai-san’s wife.

Chuzai-san turned to Murayama-kun and said,

“Oh, you, come in here, too!”

Since he was one of the people holding the banner when we cheered, Chuzai-san seemed to recognize his face.

"No... I... I just came here to bring these, so..."

"Sorry about that Murayama. This guy's being..."

Said Saijoh, when Chuzai-san suddenly responded bitterly:

"What do you mean 'this guy'? Are you talking about me? Eh?"

Ignoring that, Murayama-kun said,

"Well. That's okay, but something serious is going on at the bookstore..."

"What!?"

We said as we looked at each other.

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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“What? Something happened at the bookstore?”

“No... It’s just fallout from what you did. Right now the electronics store owner and some others are congregated.”

“Yeah, and what’s going on?”

“I overheard them talking about things.”

“Yeah, and what were they talking about?”

“Stuff like, ‘I thought they were suspicious from before’ and ‘They’re not allowed here anymore’...”

“WHAAAAAAT!?”

We immediately glared back at Chuzai-san.

Then his wife asked him,

“Oh my. Did you do something?”

So we took the opportunity to inform her that we were suddenly dragged out and that we’re now suspected of shoplifting. We exaggerated a lot.

“What!? You did something like that?”

Chuzai-san’s wife asked him.

“Well... maybe this time... the medicine worked too well...”

“It’s not medicine! What are you going to do about it?”

“I agree. That went too far.”

“I... I’ll talk to the shop owners later... Sorry.”

It was the first time we’ve seen Chuzai-san this meek. So he was weak to his beautiful wife after all. Since we finally got the chance to openly complain, we continually showered him with complaints.

“First of all, Mr. Policeman, you’re supposed to be an adult!”

“Sorry...”

“We need to keep living in this town!!”

“Sorry...”

“Oh no. I can’t even buy study guides anymore.”

“Sorry...”

“I’m not going to return the porno mags that I borrowed!”

“Sorr... what?”

Take advantage of the confusion plan, failed.

“What? Those books were yours after all?”

Our plan was saved unexpectedly. It might succeed after all because of his dull wife.

"No they're not. They're theirs."

Chuzai-san defended himself.

Without hesitation, we added,

"What!? We're high schoolers. There's no way we can buy books like that. But Mr. Policeman, you're an adult."

"Hmm. I see."

"No, Kanako, that's not right. Don't let them fool you."

She's beautiful, but very dull.

"We won't say anything about your adult preferences."

"Wh-what!?"

To Chuzai-san who was in a rage, we said in contempt,

"We're going to go to the bookstore now!"

In situations like these, you win if you get the last word in.

Although we wanted to see what happened afterwards, we couldn't overlook what was going on at the bookstore. Either way, my bike was left in front of the bookstore, so we had to go.

As I went to get my bike, the bookstore owner, the electronics store owner, and the record store owner were having a mini shopping district discussion, like Murayama-kun had said. They were all familiar people.

The record store owner asked,

"Hey, did you guys do something?"

His attitude was cold. We were immediately offended.

"No we didn't!"

"But then..."

"We said we didn't and we didn't! We were framed!"

"Really? In that case, it's ok... but..."

The bookstore owner said. Unlike his words, his eyes showed us his doubt.

In any case, it was almost totally us high schoolers who supported the bookstore and record store in this shopping district, so there was nothing more disrespectful.

On the way back, I pulled over to talk with Saijoh-kun who was on my luggage rack.

"Hey, can you forgive that attitude?"

Saijoh-kun asked.

"No I can't. After all, I buy my Shounen Champion magazine there every week."

"Yeah, I buy my \*\* Fan there every month, too."

Whaaaaat!? You buy that super porno mag at the bookstore??? The one in town???

"You... have guts..."

"Stop the praises, you idiot."

I wasn't praising you, you idiot.

This is how our resolution to get back at the shopping district was decided.

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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That day, Saijoh-kun and I were in the bookstore office. It was a couple days after that abominable “suspicion of shoplifting” incident. In front of us sat a discouraged looking bookstore owner. We looked down in silence.

The owner asked sullenly,

“So you’re telling me that there’s no way you can show me?”

“No. Absolutely not.”

There was a reason for us being in the bookstore office.

Because of Chuzai-san’s extraordinary revenge, our usual status of “regulars” had changed to “suspicious customers.” Though, Saijoh-kun was a regular because of “Monthly \*\* Fan”. How can he buy a super porno mag in town? Either way, “they’re not allowed here anymore” was a little too much.

Saijoh-kun and I came to the same conclusion. It was of course, “get revenge.” We were a lot better at pranks against ordinary people than against government officials such as Chuzai-san. Even then, the reason we didn’t cause (too much) trouble in town was because we “need them in our daily life.” The story was different now that we were “being treated as suspects.” We had to clear our charges beyond any doubt. On top of that, our pranks had to be funny.

The day before we were carried it out, Saijoh-kun and I were making something with some of our friends. What we were making was a bag.

We readied two vinyl bags (similar to a duffel bag with zippers) and destroyed part of the zippers.

“All right. This about right?”

“That’s good. It shouldn’t open too much.”

We were so methodic, I regret not having the same mindset with other things.

The day we carried out this plan was two days after our midterms.

Saijoh-kun and I went into the bookstore in the same manner as the other day.

“Oh.”

The bookstore owner noticed us coming in immediately. It meant that, “we were under surveillance.” It wasn’t fun for us, but it would have been a problem otherwise.

We acted as though we were looking for study guides and walked around the store, making sure that he was watching us.

After a while, we went behind some shelves where he couldn’t see us, and I gave the sign to Saijoh-kun.

“Let’s go...”

Saijoh-kun nodded silently in agreement.

From there, we madly dashed for the exit! Dash! Dash!

“Ah!”

Of course, the bookstore owner who was watching us dashed after us.

“Hey! Wait!”

Normally criminals don’t wait after being told to, but we were a little different. As we were milling around the bikes, the owner caught up. That was the reason for double locking our bikes.

“Hey. You guys! What are you in such a hurry for?”

“Nothing, something serious is going to happen if we miss the next train.”

“I’m sorry, but can you guys come with me?”

The owner grabbed our hands.

“No, we can’t miss this one...”

We said, but he replied,

“Is it life threatening?”

“Yes. It’s life threatening.”

The owner, angered by this answer, said,

“Forget it!” and pulled us inside his bookstore.

It was like an ant lion dragging in an ant.

So, happily for us, we were going to the bookstore office.

Owner: “I would like you to show me those bags.”

He looked at the bags we had clutched to our chests.

“We refuse.”

We refused suspiciously.

“Show me!” he demanded this time.

“We absolutely refuse” we refused again.

“So you’re telling me that there’s no way you can show me?”

“Nope. Absolutely not.”

The owner said to a female employee,

“I guess we’ll have to call in the Chuzai-san then.”

That’s what we were waiting for!

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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“If you didn’t do anything wrong, you can show me, right?

“We didn’t do anything wrong...”

We said it as if we did do something wrong.

“Then show me!”

Said the owner as he forcefully pulled away Saijoh’s and my bag. After slamming the bags on the desk, he patted down the outside of them and after discovering book shaped objects, had a “I thought so” kind of expression on his face.

The owner first went after Saijoh-kun’s bag.

“S-stop it. Please!”

Saijoh-kun tried to stop him using “please,” a word he didn’t use very often.

With unstoppable determination, the owner opened the zipper. But since we had broken the zipper, it would only open part way. The owner reluctantly stuck his hand in the bag and started pulling things out one by one.

But as soon as the owner put his hand in,

“Hmm?”

Some creases appeared on his forehead.

When the owner pulled his hand out, there was something making a crackling noise stuck to his hand.

That was

“Fly paper.”

<The black dots are all flies! It’s unusual to catch this many.>

Fly Paper

Have you ever seen fly paper? It’s a paper ribbon with [birdlime](#) spread on it, and when flies land on it, they get stuck. It’s a bug control tool you don’t see too often anymore. Fly paper was an essential part for a lot of our evilness, so please keep this funky item in mind. Usually, it’s rolled up when it’s stored, but we unraveled it a little when we put it in the bag.

The owner was shaking his hand to try to get it off, but his opponent, birdlime, would not be undone so easily.

“Wh-why do you have something like this?”

The owner was quite right in asking that question, but Saijoh-kun answered, “That’s none of your business.”

That’s quite right, too.

After the owner got himself out of this fly trap curse, he stuck his hand in the bag again, even though he was obviously bothered by the stickiness of his hand.

The next thing he pulled out was...

Saijoh-kun's "mom's worn-out underwear."

"Wh-why do you have something like this?"

"That's none of your business."

Quite right, quite right.

The big disaster occurred next when the owner pulled out the "rag."

WAAAFFT

"What?"

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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I'm sure you're aware of this, but let me explain it for people who haven't gotten it. We acted as if we were shoplifting on purpose, so we would get caught by the shop owner. Surely enough, because he was looking at us with suspicion, the shop owner caught us in our trap. It's an odd to say, "caught us in our trap". Of the bags we carried, the "Saijoh version" had old books and "good for nothing" items that covered them. We had also modified the zipper so that you could only take one item out at a time. Therefore, up to now things had gone according to plan. Up to now...

But...

In actuality, there was a slight abnormality from the moment the bag was opened. The owner in front of us must have realized it when he was attacked with the "fly paper," but there must have been something bigger he was after.

But the "rag" totally confirmed the "abnormality," even more than we had expected.

"Cough. Wh-wh-what is this smell!? Ugeh!"

Two days earlier...

Fuohn fuohn fuohn (flashback scene sound)

Saijoh-kun called in members of the chemistry club and,  
"Hey, out of the chemicals at the school, which one has the most irritating smell?"  
"Hmm, probably ammonia or formaline."  
"How about the most putrid smell?"  
"There's different ones, it might be sulfur?"  
"Then you guys combine those and make the world's stinkiest liquid."  
"What are you going to do with it?"  
they asked, but since the chemistry club guys were a timid group, they agreed to Saijoh-kun's "compelling proposition by force." They were the only ones in the school who had the privileges to unlock the strong chemicals cabinet.

The "evil liquid" was done quicker than expected, in a couple of hours. It came in a small bottle with an "application warning" of "Saijoh, don't breath within 50cm (15 inches) of this."

"Even if we're in the chemistry club, we're not doctors, so we have no idea what kind of effect this will have on the human body."

Instead of considering the maker's worries, Saijoh-kun and I were overjoyed with the "don't breath while within 50cm of this" part.

On the day of our prank, because it had such a strong odor, we followed the "application warning" and soaked a rag with the "evil liquid" inside the bag. At the time, we only noticed that it irritated our eyes a little.

But.

It was stronger than we ever imagined.

From within a couple of seconds of the rag being pulled out, the offensive smell had changed to an irritating odor and the 4 square yard office had become a smelly world!

“Wh-wh-wh-what is it!? KEKOH!”

Beyond being surprised, the owner was already breathless. It was expected. The irritating odor had already engulfed us and had come close to making even us faint.

“It’s unbearable!”

The owner threw the rag towards us.

“N-noooo, d-don’t give it to us! Ugeh!”

The irritating odor was so strong that we couldn’t keep our eyes open. It was out of this world. It is, without a doubt, the worst smell that I have ever experienced in my life.

“Le-Let’s... open the door!”

Unfortunately this office didn’t have a window that could be opened.

But the owner said,

“No, we can’t! If we do, then the smell, COUGH, will go into the store, UGEH.”

Aah. What a fine example of a businessman. Even if he were to die in this incident, people would praise his actions.

“It, it’s not a time, COUGH COUGH, to be saying that, COUGH... UWEH.”

“Noooooooo way! Uhhhhhhhhh.”

He said while almost fainting in agony.

“Th, the ventilation fan...”

“P-put the rag away first! Rag!”

The owner handed us the bag.

“What?? Is it ok, COUGH, to put it away? COUGH”

“I beg you, put it awaaaay, UGAH!”

There were tears in his eyes.

But we also had tears in our eyes. With every breath, a feeling of throwing up attacked us. From our eyes flowed the tears equal to that of watching the ending to “[A Dog of Flanders](#)” **ten times**. Our diaphragm convulsed involuntarily and we couldn’t stop hiccupping.

“Wh-what? Is this? Ow, owww.”

He said with his eyes closed and hand covering his mouth and nose.

“Th-that’s why I told you... WHEEZE... not to open it... UGEH!”

Saijoh-kun and I were also worn out.

This was beyond what we had planned. Our plan was to have the owner get the smell on his hands and to tell him “That’s why I told you not to open it, didn’t I?”, smoothly. But we were already unable to speak and were in a panic.

Unable to stay in the office, we jumped out into the store with the owner and closed the door behind us.

“Haa, haa... Wh-what is that?”

The owner asked us out of breath.

"Haa, haa. Th-that's... haa, haa. Laundry detergent's... laundry detergent's..."

We had already practiced a script, but were unable to say it because we could barely breathe. It was also already beyond the smell of laundry detergent.

"That's why I told you it was life threatening, didn't I? ZEH, ZEH."

We were able to say this part clearly, although we didn't mean it in this way.

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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Our breathing and pulses finally returned to normal. With his diaphragm still acting abnormally, the owner hesitantly opened the door to the office. We followed.

It was only a couple minutes since our big panic, but the great ventilation fans were able to clear out most of the irritating odor.

Oh, how did it smell? Let me think. I can't say this out loud, but carbon dioxide gas mixed with poop is probably really close. Either way, I've really never experienced "carbon dioxide gas mixed with poop," so I can't be sure.

So we all went into the office to continue our questioning.

"Ahh, I thought I was going to die."

We said carelessly. I guess you can say that we fell into our own trap.

"I don't... need to check that bag anymore..."

It seems that the owner had had enough.

"I'm going to check yours, too. Just in case."

"Oh."

We didn't have the energy to stop him anymore.

The owner once again felt something like a book. After putting his fingers on the zipper, he paused and asked,

"Does this one have something smelly in it too?"

to make sure.

"Not sure?"

I said.

When the owner tried to open this bag, this time the zipper opened easily and there was something that poured out.

That was "rice bran."

"Wh, what is this?"

After the owner made sure that there wasn't a strange smell, he bravely stuck his hand in again. But some creases appeared on the owner's forehead again. He pulled a book out, but there were broken egg pieces and rice bran stuck all over his hand.

"Ack!"

We said.

"E-egg?"

The owner asked.

"Argh! It's broken! Th-the egg! It's broken!"

"It must have broken when you slammed the bag on the desk."

Saijoh-kun and I were in an uproar.

“D-did it?”

asked the owner, not understanding the situation.

The suspicious books were used textbooks: “3rd grade Japanese,” “3rd grade Science,” and “3rd grade Social Studies.” There was egg all over them, too.

The owner, while wiping his hand with a handkerchief,

“Oh... no... I... I’m sorry. I’ll pay you for the egg.”

“What!? That was a Hinai chicken’s fertilized egg from Akita prefecture! You can’t just buy it anywhere!”

We suddenly went on the offensive.

“Argh, I was supposed to bring it to my **sick grandmother**.”

It was a big lie. It was an ordinary egg. On top of that, it was already broken.

Unlike Chuza-i-san, the owner was a gentleman and felt bad about what he did, or rather, had totally fallen into our trap and,

“I’m very sorry. What I did was inexcusable.”

What an honest guy. Usually one would have doubts after that irritating smell incident, but since he was so meek, we started feeling sorry instead.

“It-it’s ok. As long as our suspicions are lifted.”

[Hinai chicken. I heard they’re tasty.]

Hinai

“No, I can’t have that. Let me give you something in apology...”

“I got it. You can have any book you like.”

He truly was an honest guy. It’s amazing that he made it this far as a businessman.

“No... we can’t...”

I said apologetically, but,

“Really!? Do you have \*\* Mania then?”

Saijoh-kun said.

Idiot!

If we accepted, then it would be “fraud,” so I poked Saijoh-kun hard.

What is “\*\* Mania” anyway? Is it another one of those??

You have to be some kind of high schooler to trick a bookstore owner, and on top of that, get a porno mag.

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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Haetori

“No, I’ll still feel like I did something inexcusable. I put so much suspicion on customers who always buy here.”

“No, no. As long as we’re cleared of our suspicions, it’s enough.”

We continued this endless loop with the owner. (To be accurate, it was only “me”. It seems that Saijoh really wanted \*\* Mania and was repeating “If you say so.”)

And there appeared Chuzai-san, led by the female employee!

Chuznd said,  
“Excuse me.”

And as soon as he entered the room,

“Hmm? There’s a weird smell in here.”

He noticed the remnants of the offensive smell.

“Someone shoplifting?”

As soon as he said it, he noticed us and,

“Oh... again...”

and made a very nasty looking face.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Policeman.”

We said smiling.

Owner,

“Ahh, Mr. Policeman, sorry for the disturbance. It appears that it was a misunderstanding.”

But Chuzai-san found the unidentifiable objects on the desk of the office, to be specific,

“A worn out roll of fly paper,” and

“Saijoh-kun’s mom’s worn-out underwear,” and

“Rice bran mixed with egg.”

and figured out that we did something just by looking at those items.

But still, like a police officer on duty, he said

“Well, extra effort won’t hurt anything just to make sure nothing has happened.”

Then the owner said,

“You see, the other day, you caught these kids, right? I was being cautious with them because of it...”

“Oh...”

said Chuzai-san.

"Ahhhhh, that was something personal. It's a different case, a different case."

Chuzai-san said nervously.

But,

"To tell you the truth, owner, I know these kids very well, but they aren't the type to do that kind of crime. I guarantee it."

Chuzai-san said in a rare statement to our defense. When he added,

"These guys **aren't satisfied with petty stuff like that.**"

he wasn't defending us.

"What..."

The owner got the hint that he had been "taken in," after Chuzai-san's neat little explanation.

"Well, but I'm happy for you guys. Cleared of your suspicions."

**The reason for the suspicion is you!**

All three of us sharply glared at Chuzai-san.

The owner said,

"But the record store owner said that those guys were suspicious from before, so I..."

What!?

Record store?

Saijoh-kun and I both reacted sharply to those words. Because the "record store" was a place where we poured in more than half of our allowance. We could be called "super" regulars there, and the number of times we went there, and the amount of money spent, was not even close to the bookstore.

The record store owner...

Our next target was carved into the back of our minds.

The owner said as if he had forgotten,

"Oh... Weren't you saying that you were going to be in big trouble if you miss the train?"

"What...? Ahh... it's ok now."

It was an excuse to begin with...

"No... It's my fault that you're late. Where are you going? I'll take you there in my car."

Wow... The owner's kindness almost brought tears to my eyes.

"It's ok, we'll both ride on my bike or something."

As soon as we said that,

"AHHH? I can't let that comment slide."

Oh. We **totally forgot** that this man was a police officer.

This "police officer" started saying something very unexpected.

“Owner, it’s ok. I’ll drop them off in my **police car**.”

**What!?**

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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## who is Zhuge Liang Kong Ming?

We didn't know what turn of events caused Chuzai-san to suddenly say, "I'll take you in my police car." Since missing the train was a big lie, his statement was more of a bother for us.

But then,

"What? Is that all right?"  
asked the bookstore owner.

"Sure. I was going on a patrol anyways. I'll just add it in."

How can you add it in, when you haven't even asked us where we're going? Well, we really didn't have anywhere to go.

"If it's all right with you then, I'll accept your offer. Can you please take them?"  
He accepted the offer without even consulting us.

"Well, maybe some other day... right?"  
I looked at Saijoh-kun for support.  
"Yeah. As they say, "things won't seem as bad once they've past""  
Idiot. Your saying is wrong.

"Well, if the Chuzai-san is offering, you guys shouldn't hold back and have him take you. You guys looked like you were in a hurry."

The owner said nicely.

"Yes... but..."

"See. You should go ahead and accept. It's not everyday that you get to ride in a police car."

We were on one just the other day after getting caught. On top of that, it was for interfering with a Police officer in the execution of his duties.

For some reason, the negotiations went quicker than expected, and it was decided that we would be going somewhere in a police car.

I guess it's all right. We'll just use Chuzai-san in this situation and have him drop us off by Saijoh-kun's place.

So that's how we were happily cleared from our shoplifting suspicions, and we were on our way to the RPS across the street.

As we were leaving the store,

"Guys, I'm sorry about today. Take these."  
The bookstore owner handed us each a mechanical pencil in a box.

"No, it's ok. You don't need to do this much."  
I tried to say, but

Patrol Car

"It's ok. I took your time."

We were speechless and because we felt so sorry for what we had done, we started to telling the truth:  
"We can't accept these. In truth, today's events..."  
But the owner cut us off.

"It's ok. Now that I think about it, you guys are regulars who have been using this store since you were in elementary school. I remember the time when you came here in the middle of a snow storm to buy "3<sup>rd</sup> Grade" magazine with snow all over you. You were short 10 Yen (5 cents) and even though I told you it was ok, you went home to get it. By the time you came back, it was closing time. It must have been so cold. I'm ashamed for having doubted you even for a moment. That's why... take it. This is my gratitude for that time."

My eyes were starting to well up from the owner's kind words.

"I'm... very sorry."

Chuzai-san rapped my head lightly. If I had been there 10 more seconds, it's no doubt that I would have cried.

It's not related to the story, but I still have the mechanical pencil that the owner gave me from this incident. It's a black Mitsubishi brand mechanical pencil.

Chuzai-san's "police car" wasn't a big one like the ones used at the main station, but a tiny Honda Civic. We weren't happy about it, but Saijoh-kun and I both got in the back. Since the RPS was in the shopping district, there were a lot of people walking by that were stopping to see what was going on. Instead of looking as if we were "getting dropped off, it must have looked as if "we were detained" The employees from the traditional Japanese candy store next door even came out to take a look. We asked Chuzai-san to leave as soon as possible.

But.

The bookstore owner came by.

I opened the window wondering what he wanted.

"Eat this while you go."

He handed us a Yell chocolate each.

I was thankful for his repeated kindness, but...

You know, owner, to the bystanders, it can only look as if, "we were getting something before being escorted to juvenile hall."

Yell

In fact, most of the people walking by stopped and were looking towards us.

Ahh... This town is getting harder and harder to live in...

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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Now the police car that we were in went past the people  
staring and straight towards our non-destination. Kuma

Chuzai-san must have noticed that people were looking because he drove slower than he had to for us. We were “on display.” In the Edo-era, it would have been called public humiliation through town.

In order to keep people from thinking that we were “being escorted to juvenile hall,” we tried making overly happy faces. But it’s against human nature to laugh when nothing’s funny.

“Where did you guys want to go?”

To Chuzai-san’s question,

“Ahh. Can you please take us to XX City.”

“XX City. I’m going to take a slight detour, you guys don’t mind, do you?”

Chuzai-san continued,

“That bookstore owner is a good guy, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“You guys went after him, didn’t you?”

He got straight to the point.

“Don’t say ‘we went after him’...”

“You guys are really infamous to go after such a nice guy like that.”

He had already put away the fact that the root cause was that “he went after us first.”

He continued

“We need to put the fear of God into people like you.”

Crap. That’s why we shouldn’t have accepted his offer.

The police car was heading for XX City, but we were on country roads. It looked closer to mountain roads than country roads. We were on that mountain road for about 15 minutes, when we saw a pond from the window. There was a small clearing next to it and, Chuzai-san parked the police car there and got out.

“Hey, you guys get out too. It’s pretty.”

Sure enough there were flowers blooming around the pond, it was scenic.

Chuzai-san, while looking at the pond,

“It hasn’t been very long since I was appointed here, but I really like this town,”  
he said fondly.

“It’s a nice town, even though there are guys like you.”

The last half was unneeded.

Then

“I’m going to go get some cigarettes.”

He said, and headed back towards the car.

SLAM.

The sound of a closing door.

BRUM BRUM.

The sound of an engine starting.

What? Why the engine?

We didn’t have time to question it when the police car started driving off.

Chuzai-san shouted out of the window of the police car.

“You guys. Walk home from there.”

What did he say????

“Well, it’s only about an hour to town? It’s a single road.”

H-he got us.

“Stop joking around. It’s right before exams!”

But Chuzai-san said,

“Come to think of it, do you guys know the song “[The Other Day, I Met a Bear](#)“?

“Yeah. We do, but what about it?”

“I heard that he comes out around here. Be careful. Wah ha ha.”

He sped off in his police car after this parting remark.

We were being left behind.

“Wh-what an evil guy!” Saijoh-kun said.

“It’s ok Saijoh.”

“What?”

“Chuzai-san’ll stop soon.”

“How do you know that!?”

“We were using the cooler in the police car right?”

“Yeah. What does that have to do with anything?”

But like I predicted, the police car abruptly stopped approximately 100m (110yards) from where it sped off.

I had actually opened up the zipper of Saijoh-kun’s bag when I got out of the car. That’s right. It was the bag we used in the bookstore that contained the rag with the offensive smell so bad that we couldn’t breath. Even in a four square yard office, it was such a strong odor that we couldn’t even open our eyes, much less breathe. Because it was inside a car, there was no way he could drive. Because the cooler (we didn’t have air conditioning back then) was on, it meant that Chuzai-san would drive off with the windows closed. As predicted, Chuzai-san jumped out of the car that parked 100m away.

“I got suspicious around ‘fear of God.’ I thought he might do something like this.”

“You’re so smart.”

“Like Zhuge Liang Kong Ming!”

Don’t praise me with the name of a guy you don’t even know how to spell. It didn’t feel bad though.

We easily caught up with the police car, looked down at Chuzai-san who was **ORZ** next to the car, closed the zipper to the bag and sat ourselves in the back seats without permission.

“What do you say we go soon, Mr. Policeman?”

“S-s-shit! You guys. Ugeh!”

Chuzai-san had some other words for us after that, but the police car safely made it back to town.

When we got out of the car, there were some kids making a fuss in the park. It appeared as though a airplane had gotten stuck in a tall tree.

“Need any help?” Saijoh-kun offered, but someone came with a stick with some tape wound on the tip, and after sticking it to the plane, resolved the problem.

“H-he’s so smart.” said Saijoh-kun.

“Like Zhuge Liang Kong Ming!”

What!? That level?

Your Zhuge Liang Kong Ming was only a category?

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